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THE *Nation*

JULY 28, 1956

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WITHOUT DOUBT OR DOGMA

The Logical Basis of Liberalism
by Richard Wollheim

McClure of Pennsylvania

Bosses Are Still in Business
by Charles R. Allen, Jr.

Suburbia at Prayer

by Stanley Rowland, Jr.

A COMMUNICATION

The Nation is glad to publish this communication, longer than the letters it can usually accept, because of its great pertinence and because its author, long familiar with the history of radicalism in this country, writes temperately but without quibble of the present plight of the American Communist Party.

IT IS characteristic of the essential parochialism of the American Communist Party that the Khrushchev revelations are considered solely the concern of the Communist parties of the world. It is equally characteristic that a leadership which now confesses itself blind, slavish and cowardly should boldly be asking the present Soviet leaders to explain what they were doing in Stalin's time, while making no move to ventilate its own house by offering to vacate its own powers.

In the United States the problem is possibly more complex than in most western lands. We have had, from our earliest days, an indigenous American radical tradition. Our history includes experimental colonies, ameliorative social movements, progressive political parties, syndicalist and Socialist Labor organizations, as well as both a Socialist and a Communist Party. For the better part of the last three decades, however, the Communists have had a practical monopoly of American radicalism.

With the decline, persecution and cocoonization of the Communist Party of the United States, practically all radical voices in this country have been stilled. It is doubtful whether the combined circulation of all left-wing publications of every shade exceeds one hundred thousand readers today. We are a country without the gadflies of social criticism, without the ferment of an active, native progressivism. Even our demagogues need no radical propositions to mouth since no radical ideas are reaching the minds of the people.

Were this country to be plunged into some great crisis, military, social or economic, we are a people that has lost the antibodies with which to fight an American fascism. The readiness to conform, the fear of unpopular opinion, the national apathy toward vital issues, the vanished capacity for indignation, the lack of knowledge, the absence of progressive principles, the cushy, shiny world of television, the deep-rooted corruption spreading from those avenues of

hypocrites—Pennsylvania and Madison—all combine to prepare a soil ready and willing to sprout armies in colored shirts.

From the standpoint of history, the chief disservice which the Communist Party has done to the American people has been to deprive it of a radical leadership. This is not to deny its part in publicizing and winning support for many worthy causes, from Sacco-Vanzetti and the Scottsboro boys to the building of the CIO. Nor need we overlook nor disparage its foresight in the long fight for labor's rights, for unemployment insurance, against discrimination and the like. But the record will show that even in these movements it consistently over-rated its own contribution.

The Communists' exaggerated sense of their role as history makers stems from several roots. For one thing, their identification with the Soviet Union gave the party members the notion that they were favored passengers if not on the locomotive of history itself, then at least in the caboose. For another, their closed, conspiratorial plan of organization imbued every participant with the feeling of membership in an exclusive society, with all the arrogance and snobbishness of a Westchester country club. Aside from some food faddists among them, the leaders of the American party did not identify themselves with Americans as people, nor have they ever really understood the forces in American life. In a land with a tradition of constructive "muck-raking" they did precious little to uncover the sources of corruption. They were always in the posture of foreign visitors with a mission. This leadership came from the old "language federations" of the Socialist Party, from the "nineteen-fivers" and from the Wobblies.

It is one index to the stultifying effects of this leadership and lack of democracy that in its thirty-five years of existence the Communist Party has not produced a single original study of American capitalism. And on their list of prohibited books went every independent work, whether it was Lewis Corey's *Decline of the Middle Class* or Paul Sweezy's *The Theory of Capitalist Development*. During and since the Second World War more Americans have been living better, materially, than ever before. But the Communists refused to

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The Shape of Things

The Issue of Nixon

By making it "absolutely" clear that he wants Vice President Richard M. Nixon as his running mate, the President has presented the Democrats with an issue. Until it was clear that Mr. Nixon would be on the ticket, the question of the President's health remained only half-an-issue. But if the Vice President is renominated, he might bring the right wing of the Republican Party to power for he stands a good actuarial chance of succeeding to the Presidency. And here, surely, is an issue.

Even the moderate Republicans secretly fear this likely consequence of Nixon's succession to the Presidency. There was more to the numerous "ditch" Nixon plots than a realization that the Vice President might be a political liability; the Eisenhower Republicans were afraid that if he ever succeeded to the Presidency he would bring the right wing of the party to power. The "ditching" plots failed for a reason which itself confirms the existence of this fear. The success of the plots hinged on the ability of the plotters to keep Nixon from announcing his candidacy well in advance of the convention, for once he announced they would then be forced either to abandon the plot and endorse him or run the risk of an open fight with the right wing at the convention. It was the premature announcement of Nixon's candidacy—the Murray Chotiner incident dictated the timing—that upset the plots. The reluctance of the Eisenhower Republicans to run the risk of a showdown with the right wing over Nixon is revealing. If Nixon were not of the right wing would the plotters have been so fearful of antagonizing this element by "ditching" him? At the outset, too, even the President appeared to be less than enthusiastic about the Nixon candidacy; to tell a close associate to "chart his course" is a strange way for a warm-hearted person like the President to express a deeply cherished preference if he really feels it.

Thus in finally accepting Nixon, the President and his closest advisors have been forced to acknowledge the power of the right wing which, as the closing scenes of this session of Congress have demonstrated, is still the dominant element in the party. The failure of the Eisenhower Republicans to gain the upper hand in the party is also acknowledged by the appointment of Senator Knowland as a member of the United Nations

delegation. A new amiability characterizes the usually dour Knowland these days. He seems to have been more pleased with the President's endorsement of his rival, Nixon, than by his own appointment to the delegation. It was Senator Knowland who was chosen to make the announcement at Gettysburg that the President would run. It was Knowland who headed the delegation of eighteen Republican Senators that greeted the Nixons on their return from that remarkable tour of the world in eleven days. Knowland was "beaming" at the airport and "pumped" the hands of the Vice President and Mrs. Nixon with a vigor and enthusiasm that must have surprised them as much as it interested the reporters. As the leader of the right wing of the party Senator Knowland has reason to be pleased. The Administration has been forced to acknowledge the power of the right wing which now stands a good chance of inheriting the Presidency which it could never win on the merits of its program, record and policies.

And there is, of course, another dimension to the Nixon issue. Kyle Palmer, political editor of the *Los Angeles Times* and one of Nixon's mentors, professed bewilderment in a recent column over the fact that there are so many people around who "just don't like Nixon." But the Nixon issue is clear. He is disliked not because he is opportunistic—most successful politicians are—but because he has gone to such trouble to make it clear that he is above principle and beyond scruple. It is not merely that he is without principle; he is without enthusiasms, crotchets, affections, loyalties; his sole passion is self-interest. Of Tom Dewey it was said that you really had to know him to dislike him; but it is not necessary to know Nixon to dislike him—he invites it.

The Great Pass-Along

The police chief of a Pennsylvania steel town is quoted as saying of the steel strike: "damndest strike I ever saw." Most observers will agree. It began in a strange way. Teams of equally well-dressed negotiators sat in a circle of comfortable chairs in a large conference room at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York from which that symbol of honest negotiations—the conference table—was conspicuously missing. Had they come to negotiate or to make some copy for the papers and have their pictures taken? Bargaining sessions were characterized as "listless, almost lazy." The third week

of the strike found all parties in a state of summer trance: relaxed, good-natured, indolent. Neither side had issued any bristling statements; no ugly names had been shouted; a handful of pickets policed mills from coast to coast. The over-all attitudes of the strikers were reported as "low-keyed and unemotional." Even the question of shortages was not viewed with much urgency. Reported *Business Week*: "Nor does the spate of layoff announcements from the railroad and other tributary industries worry anyone overmuch. The summer doldrums are at hand, anyway." The stock market failed to be disturbed by the strike; share prices "hardly quivered." And both Congress and the Administration were as unconcerned as management and labor.

Consumers should view this strange strike with suspicion and concern. For the key to its tranquil tone is suggested in *Business Week's* comment that many Wall Street men have been saying privately that "the strike is really a blessing in disguise" for the economy. Huge inventories are being worked off; the stage is being set for a hike in prices. When it comes, as it will, the price hike will be passed along not to steel's primary customers alone; these customers in turn will pass it along to the rest of us. Even Mr. McDonald's steel workers will be taxed, in the form of higher prices, to pay for whatever gains are ultimately given them as a reward for their participation in a strike that smacks of collusion. If private planners overshoot the market, must we stage strikes to reduce inventories? What happens to market mechanisms for regulating prices when price hikes are negotiated by the ritual of staging strikes? This is not the great steel strike of 1919; this is the Great Pass-Along of 1956.

Post-Mortem

Any number of theories have been advanced to explain the defeat of the federal aid-to-education measure. On the one point that matters, however, there is substantial agreement. In retrospect it is clear that the Powell amendment was not responsible for the defeat of the bill. Without exception, the various post-mortem reports concede that the Southern Democrats were opposed to the bill from the outset, with or without the Powell amendment. At all times their strategy was to prevent the adoption of the bill in any form since, once on the books, the Powell or some similar amendment could be added to subsequent appropriation measures which it might then be awkward to vote against. It is rare indeed when the chairman of a committee—in this case Graham A. Barden, Democratic Chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee—gives up the leadership of a bill in the middle of the debate. Yet that happened in this instance. Reduction in the power of the Southern Democratic bloc in Congress remains the first condition for the early enactment of a federal aid-to-education measure.

Rebels For Robots

There's one student exchange program we should like to see tried on a large scale: Central American students for U. S. students. Students in Central America are restless and rebellious. Within the last two months, Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras and El Salvador have been rocked by bitter and violent student risings. One student strike in Mexico City lasted sixty-six days. Scholars have suggested that it is the absence of political parties, in our sense, that accounts for student risings in Central American countries; students fill the gap by functioning as parties. The existence of well-established political parties may explain the absence of ferment on our college campuses but it does not explain the dearth of issues in American politics. A large influx of American students would certainly take much of the steam out of the Central American student movement and it is just possible that an equal number of Central American rebels might eventually reanimate American politics.

Nehru's Travels

There are significant differences between the travels of Prime Minister Nehru and the frenetic junkets of Mr. John Foster Dulles. Mr. Dulles travels to escape from the consequences of his worst blunders; Nehru travels to undo the blunders that others have committed. Mr. Dulles travels to be traveling; Nehru travels with a purpose. The Dulles junkets are improvised; Nehru usually travels in the wake of India's V. K. Krishna Menon who has done the necessary spadework.

Back in June, Menon kept the door open for a settlement of the Algerian question by inducing thirteen Asia-African nations to delay their request that the Security Council consider it. Just in from Paris, Menon had brought timely word of a possible shift in the French position. Even earlier, Menon had taken the initiative which made it possible for the French to return to the Assembly after they had walked out over the Algerian issue. This friendly initiative no doubt made it easier for him to induce them to shift their position. The new French position, set forth in a resolution of the Socialist Party on July 1 and since adopted by the government, is largely based on Nehru's five-point proposal for a settlement advanced on May 5. Representatives of the Algerian National Liberation Front were quick to concede that the French proposal contained "new elements." Three Algerian spokesmen were on hand for a word with him when he arrived in Pula for his talks with Nasser and Tito. And from Pula, he journeyed to Cairo with Nasser. If anyone can induce the Algerian rebels to accept a cease-fire it is probably Nasser. A cease-fire in Algeria might well be followed by a cease-fire in Cyprus.

This is diplomacy at its best. It suggests how fruitful

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the cancelled four-day Nehru-Eisenhower talks might have been. The summer heat seems to have induced a general forgetfulness of the fact that July 30 is the deadline on the agreement to schedule elections in Indo-China. The President might well have listened to Nehru on Indo-China, not to mention Korea, disarmament, Cyprus, neutralism, Germany, Algeria, Formosa, the admission of China to the United Nations and the significance of recent developments in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. It would seem, too, that a session with Nehru in Washington might have been less ex-

hausting for the President than the excursion to Panama. In the meantime, of course, the Nehru-Menon team, with no encouragement from Washington and not much from London and Paris, continues to pull British, French and American chestnuts out of the fire. If Nehru and Menon can achieve a cease-fire in Algeria and Cyprus, Britain and France should ante up a portion of what each will save for Indian development. The "pacification" of Algeria, it is estimated, will cost France \$805,000,000 this year and almost as much in 1957.

NO HURRAH FOR McCLURE

An Old-time Boss at Work . . by CHARLES R. ALLEN, JR.

IF THE "cult of the individual" has been getting its share of knocks abroad, so too has a domestic institution of a somewhat parallel nature: the old-line political Boss. For some time now a spate of nostalgic novels, critical articles and learned speakers has been telling us that The Boss in America has passed from the scene. In his place, as a recent *New York Times Magazine* article concludes, has been ushered The Leader.

The Boss is no longer with us, it is argued, because the crudities and naked power politics which marked his era are no longer tolerated by a more mature electorate. Moreover, so it is said, the spread of public welfare services has robbed the old-time Boss of his most powerful weapon—a weapon symbolized by the Christmas food basket.

The impression gained from such analyses is that we have entered a sort of electoral millenium where enlightened popular sovereignty faces little or no threat from one-man rule. Maybe. Maybe not.

In rich and historic Delaware County, Pennsylvania, there rules John James McClure, Republican. He has been ruling for fifty years. His absolute mastery of a rich and highly educated electorate in one of Philadelphia's more fashionable

"bedroom communities" does not square with the formulations of the *New York Times*. It has withstood F.D.R., the New Deal, labor unions, the state's largest population gains and the influx of a lower middle-class of previously marked Democratic persuasion. It has also withstood the shock of at least two major scandals big enough to have destroyed outright most political organizations.

A close look at the man, his career and the political machine which he created might reveal how and why his kind of rule has outlasted, say, the Curley regime in Boston.

The origins of John J. McClure seem an echo of *The Last Hurrah* and *The Big Fella*. He is a second-generation Irishman (but not Catholic). His father first secured a political beach-head in the tough, tenement-ridden wards of Chester. From early youth he was closely associated with such legendary overlords as Boies Penrose, the Vare brothers of Philadelphia and, later, Joe and Howard Pew and Joe Grundy.

But John J. McClure is no cigar-chewing, bowler-hat caricature. For a man of seventy, he is erect, unusually strong; he speaks softly and well, a fact which may in some measure derive from his college education. He looks and dresses more like a banker than a ward boss; his sharp though not unhandsome features are

dominated by a determined jaw. His offices atop Chester's largest building are somewhat old-fashioned. There is about him an air of friendly yet studied anonymity.

His earliest recollection is that of politics. "It was the only thing we talked about," McClure now says. As a boy, he remembers his father hammering away at the "fundamentals": the precinct, the committeeman and the indispensable personal contact with the voters. The father died while John, not yet twenty, was at Swarthmore. The young man suddenly found himself faced with the task of handling both his family's prospering business and, more important, his father's growing political "estate."

Under the watchful eye of the father's lieutenants, the heir-apparent "listened . . . asked questions, marked well and learned." Within a few years he was contesting for personal control of the city machine. During the elections of 1919-21, according to the *Chester Times*, "McClure emerged as the undisputed leader in Delaware County politics." This crucial struggle, the press of the day records, was characterized by charges of violence, fraud and vote-buying in the classical tradition.

From that date—with but one minor exception—the McClure regime has never relinquished its hold over county affairs. In 1928, McClure ran for public office for the

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first—and last—time. He easily won a seat in the state senate. Upon entering office, he immediately began to exercise powers which, for a freshman senator, were remarkable. He was chairman of the all-powerful Finance Committee and played a dominant role as a member of the Judiciary, Elections, Public Utilities, State, County and Municipal Government committees. His ability with finances earned him the reputation as a “political Andy Mellon.” He authored basic legislation favorable to private utilities and the shipbuilding industry (the Pews of the Sun Ship and Sun Oil companies are residents of Delaware County). Despite his unpopular stand as a “dry” during prohibition and as an opponent of Sunday baseball, he won a second term. It was taken for granted that he would become governor and, eventually, U. S. Senator.

But now the Rum Ring case—the first of the two major scandals which have marked the McClure regime—broke across the nation’s headlines. More than ninety persons were indicted for criminal conspiracy to violate the prohibition law. Named as the leader of a fantastic operation whose center was Chester, and which reached as far as Nova Scotia, was John J. McClure, the unpopular “dry.” His co-defendants included gangsters, brothel-keepers, ex-convicts, policemen, Sun Ship crewmen and several imposing pillars of respectability—including the chief clerk of the Pennsylvania legislature.

The trial was highlighted daily by dramatic face-to-face confrontations between McClure and a parade of recanting ex-lieutenants. But the histrionics of the court room threw less light on the role of McClure than did the fact that the Rum Ring was a tightly-knit, highly-disciplined, imaginatively constructed and extraordinarily profitable organization which was characterized as “the biggest and best” of the prohibition era by the then U. S. Attorney General, Homer Cummings.

The jury found McClure and his co-defendants guilty as charged. Judge George A. Welsh, a former Republican Congressman, sentenced the state senator to the maximum

term of eighteen months in prison and a fine of \$10,000.

The same press which had done so much to build McClure up in the public mind now said that he and his organization were finished. “A dynasty that has ruled Delaware County for a generation has ended!” declared one paper. “McClure is doomed,” echoed a second. “He is finished . . . And so is his machine,” concluded a third.

TIME proved these forecasts somewhat exaggerated. Senator McClure never served a day in prison or paid a dime in fines. As a result of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, all convictions under the Volstead Act were set aside. True, after the convictions the Democrats were able to win the office of sheriff for their first (and last) victory in county history. And McClure, who immediately announced he intended to retain his senate seat, lost the election. But it required an unprecedented Fusion ticket of Republicans, Democrats and Independents to beat him by a narrow margin. McClure never again entered the public lists. Yet he remained the acknowledged head of the county organization.

The second scandal which struck the McClure organization occurred in 1941 and is usually referred to as the Chester Water Case. For many generations, Chester’s drinking water had been exceeded in foul taste and smell only by Philadel-

phia’s “Schuylkill punch.” When it was announced that the city council had sold the water company to a private syndicate, the public welcomed the news. Several months later, however, a grand jury indicted the mayor of Chester and four city councilmen for criminal conspiracy, alleging that the group, under the direction of John J. McClure, had made a \$250,000 “secret profit” from the sale. McClure personally was alleged to have taken \$85,000.

There then followed what was in many respects a duplication of the Rum Ring trial. High federal officials played active roles in prosecuting the case and the élite of the Philadelphia bar rushed to McClure’s defense. Yet, while McClure and his co-defendants were ordered by the trial judge to return the quarter-million-dollar profit to the city and the commonwealth’s highest court took pains to “disapprove the morals of the transaction,” McClure was acquitted, on appeal, of all charges.

To this day, old-line county residents do not get too excited over McClure’s complicity in the Rum Ring scandal (“Hell, we were all running hooch in those days!”). Yet many have decided reservations about the water case. “It literally took an act of his friends in the legislature to get him out of that one,” a veteran county editor remarked. In the long run Chester profited; as a result of the sale and the subsequent litigation, the city now has a good water system.

Since the water case, every election year brings routine charges of “corruption” and “scandal” against the McClure machine. And now that the Democrats control the state government, rumor persists that the attorney general will conduct a full-scale probe of the McClure organization before the fall elections. But a widely-known commentator told me: “John McClure can look back over fifty years in politics and feel sublimely certain that his power has never been so secure as it is today. They haven’t been calling him ‘King John’, ‘The Czar’ and ‘The Boss’ for nothing.”

To McClure himself the success of his organization is easily explain-



drawing by Oscar Berger

John J. McClure

ed. He calls it "good government," by which he means "that government which works best, most efficiently and most economically for the voter." He went on: "If you conduct the business of politics in the same way that big industry is conducted, make it show a *profit*, make it *work*, then the people will return you to control no matter what is said about you."

Certainly one of the key elements in McClure's brand of "good government" is the close and quick access which a voter has to the organization. He sketched several examples of how voters are assured prompt attention. "When a man walks out of my office he'll get action. He'll know from personal experience what is meant by good government."

What, McClure was asked, have been the strategy and tactics behind his success? "One principle has guided me in this regard," he answered emphatically. "Teamwork! I have calculated that a one-man organization lasts no longer than fifteen years. If you are building an organization that is here to stay then you'll build not around a man but a *team* of men and women. Let me show you how it works."

McClure produced a large oblong notebook. "This is the basic book of organization. It came out of years of trial-and-error. I got the idea for it back in 1927. You will see that it is statistical, but from it you can infer its operative principles."

THE Delaware County Board of Supervisors is the unofficial policy-making body of the McClure organization. "This is the team," its chief said proudly. "Often the papers call it the 'war board'. No, don't write down 'war board.' It is just the Board of Supervisors." The group is composed of twelve members who are referred to by McClure as "section leaders"; together they head up the county's twelve political divisions. They usually meet once a month; more often just before and during a campaign. McClure presides over the meetings in a "loose, informal manner."

The supervisor, McClure explained, acts as liaison between his constituency and the board. He is re-

quired to have at his fingertips a host of relevant facts about every family in his area. In McClure's notebook were detailed graphs plotting such data as the age, sex, color and nationality of every voter in a district. "The war board," — McClure used the term repeatedly despite his apparent distaste for it — "coordinates each section's work so that it meshes with the flow of our general policies."

McClure made it clear that organization is not everything. "Flexibility," he pointed out, "is also necessary. That's why I never allow myself to become dogmatic. That's why I discourage office holders from holding more than two consecutive terms." As an example of this flexibility, McClure and I ticked off the names of more than a dozen prominent Republicans presently holding high office at state and federal levels whose careers began as vocal opponents of "Boss McClure." He smiled: "Yes. That's what I mean. You see, there are just two ways of getting into the organization: show enough strength to beat us at the polls; or show enough personal ability to get invited in."

McClure prefers the patronage system to civil service, which he calls "destructive of initiative and honest work." Of patronage he says: "Call it what you will — patronage, the spoils system, booty, whatever — but the fact remains that there are X number of jobs worth X millions of dollars to be filled in this county. They are not rewards, but trusts. To the party which the people vote into control goes the responsibility for discharging these trusts. That's so-called patronage."

On January 1, 1956, the McClure organization had at its disposal some \$2,549,085 worth of patronage. A separate book of organization (labelled, incidentally, "Patronage") showed how it was parceled out. Each district was awarded a sum in direct proportion to the vote it turned out over and against the majority vote realized by the whole organization.

No books were shown me which might indicate how much McClure himself has profited from his political career. He is reputed to be a mil-

lionaire. His building-materials company and insurance and bonding corporations presumably are not handicapped by their owner's position of political power. Nor has there been any public confirmation of how much influence his celebrated card-index file has had in his organization's success. An ex-lieutenant told me that the file has been maintained assiduously for thirty years. "And you should see those cards! That guy knows the skeleton in every damned closet in the county. It's all down on that little 3 x 5."

THAT any opposition to the McClure machine can learn much from its magnificent organization is, of course, quite clear. But this is not the essential meaning of John McClure, insists a well-known political science professor whose special province is the county organization in American politics. McClure, he says, has demonstrated how, within the framework of an electoral democracy, an anti-democratic regime can maintain itself in power. In this instance, responsibility must be assumed by what the political scientist characterizes as a "select minority of respectable persons." He borrowed the phrase from an editorial of the *Philadelphia Record* of November 25, 1933, following the Rum Ring trial:

That McClure was a liquor racketeer is not so important... That he used this... power to further political conquest is a common, ordinary sin. Some of our best politicians do that. McClure's great offense is that he used great political power to further the economic interests of a select minority of respectable persons against the interests of the mass of people.

This, the professor of political science maintains, still applies to McClure and the role of the boss today. There has been too much preoccupation with the "colorful" sides of one-man rule: the graft, plunder, scandals and the like. The career of John McClure tends to confirm the thesis that the sources of political power in this county have been changing in the last two decades. McClure's true talent as a politician may well rest in his early recognition — and exploitation — of that fact.

WITHOUT DOUBT OR DOGMA

The Logic of Liberalism . . by RICHARD WOLLHEIM

THERE ARE two current theories about the foundations of liberalism. The first theory is that liberalism is based upon, is untenable without, a belief in some more general system or order, in the law of nature or the scheme of things. The other theory is that liberalism is the expression of, is acceptable only on the basis of, total skepticism about ultimate values. One hears a great deal of both theories, from defenders and opponents of liberalism alike, sometimes indeed from one and the same person: though I should have thought it quite apparent that they were in flagrant contradiction. As a recent example of the first theory one might quote Mr. Walter Lippmann's *The Public Philosophy*: as an example of the second any work of Catholic political thought since the decisive encyclicals of Leo XIII, *Immortale Dei* and *Libertas, praesantissimum*.

Both theories are, I am convinced, fundamentally false. I do not wish to deny that someone might cleave to the principle of liberalism on account of some more general belief in the order of nature: or that he might come to it through skepticism. What I wish to deny is that either skepticism or the "public philosophy" is necessary as a justification of liberalism: or, what is the same thing in other words, that liberalism presupposes either.

I shall first consider the skeptical thesis. The argument runs something like this: According to liberalism anyone should be free to do what he wants to do or to say what he wants to say. But what a man wants to do might be wrong, and what he wants to say might be false. And so if the state allows him complete liberty, it might be permitting evil and error: indeed, since a man's actions and

words can easily influence others, it might even be encouraging evil and error. Now clearly no one thinks it right that evil and error should be knowingly encouraged. Accordingly the only good reason the state could have for allowing the subject complete liberty is that it can never know, it can never be absolutely certain, that what it permits is evil or error. In other words, the sole justification for liberalism is skepticism on the great issues of truth and goodness.

Personally I find this argument rather more persuasive when directed against liberty of speech than when directed against liberty of action: so I shall consider it in this form. For here any attempt to brush the argument aside can be met by a charge of disingenuousness: "Consider," it will be said, "consider some simple case of error: a historical thesis, a mathematical conjecture that is definitely, beyond a shadow of doubt, known and proved to be false. Would you encourage its propagation? Surely not. If, then, you are prepared to allow complete liberty of speech in matters of morals or religion or social theory, this must be because you do not really believe that one can ever attain to certainty in these matters."

WHAT CAN we say, what is a liberal to say to this challenge? In part, I think, its force depends upon a confusion, perhaps a deliberate confusion. For it runs together the beliefs that one thinks should be taught and the beliefs one thinks should be permitted. And it may well be that the first class of beliefs is somewhat narrower than the second. I do not know. But anyhow it is with the second class that I am here concerned. Still, even after this distinction has been made, enough of the challenge remains. What are we to say to it? One might capitulate to it, but I think that one need not.

John Stuart Mill in his great essay *On Liberty* said that when a new opinion arises in opposition to accepted ways of thought, there are three possibilities. The new opinion may be true, it may be partly true, it may be false. But in all three contingencies alike, there is, Mill claims, a good, indeed an overwhelming, reason for tolerating the opinion. If it is true or partly true, the case for doing so is obvious. But if it is false, the case is no less strong. For unless the new opinion is tolerated, the received opinion will thereby suffer. It will be held by the majority of those who receive it "in the manner of a prejudice, with little comprehension or feeling of its rational grounds:" and, ultimately, it will come to be "a mere formal profession," a string of words, deprived or enfeebled of all meaning.

I should hesitate to describe this argument as conclusive: though personally I accept it. For my present purposes, however, the question of its acceptability is not the issue. All that matters is whether it is a reasonable argument. For if it is reasonable, then we here have definite proof that someone can without absurdity subscribe to liberalism and not subscribe to skepticism: which is what I set out to prove. And surely the argument is a reasonable argument. Liberalism, then, does not presuppose skepticism about ultimate issues. Indeed in a sense—I hope that it does not seem too trivial a sense—it may be said that they are incompatible. For there is at least one ultimate issue the liberal not merely need not, but must not, be skeptical about: and that issue is the value of individual liberty.

I want to turn now to the other current theory about the justification of liberalism: namely, that it depends on, that it is unpalatable without, some more general belief about the universe and man's place in it, what Lippmann has called the

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"public philosophy." I cannot see the force of this argument. Of course the liberal must believe in the principle of liberalism, and he must doubtless have reasons for believing in it; but why should it be thought necessary for him also to believe in some more general principle from which this principle can be inferred? Behind the idea that it is, there lurks, surely, the suggestion, the feeling, that the strength of a principle somehow depends upon the generality of the principle from which we can infer it. Those principles which follow from principles far more general than themselves are the best. But this feeling must be wrong. For ultimate principles are, by definition, those which cannot be inferred from more general principles: and surely no principles can have so strong a claim upon our allegiance as ultimate principles. In other words, the demand for a justification of a principle—in the sense of another principle from which it follows—seems to betray a certain uneasiness about, a certain dissatisfaction with, the principle as it stands. It is significant that Mr. Lippmann, who is so active in his demand for a "philosophy" of liberalism, should also show himself to be singularly discontented about the practice of liberalism itself.

THE JUSTIFICATION of liberalism has a history, and a revealing one. In the seventeenth century, the principle of liberty was defended by Puritans by an appeal to the commandments of God: in the eighteenth century it was defended by the Encyclopaedists by an appeal to the order of nature: in the nineteenth century it was defended by John Stuart Mill by an appeal to the needs of human personality. At each



Drawings by Zanetti

stage, the distance across which the appeal is made contracts. To some this may seem tantamount to saying that at each stage the case for liberalism is weakened, its prestige reduced. But to me the opposite seems the case. For surely what has happened is that at each stage that which justifies human liberty, and all else, is seen as closer to human liberty, and human liberty as closer to it, and in consequence the value of human liberty is enhanced. And if the final stage in this history is, as I believe it is, to find the justification for the principle of liberty in liberty itself, then by this means the value of liberty is raised to the utmost: it becomes an ultimate value.

I should like to consider for a moment a particular version of the theory that liberalism rests upon, or presupposes, certain general assumptions about the nature of man and the universe: and that is the view that the principle of liberalism implies an "optimistic" conception of human nature. The fundamental error of the "children of light," as Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr calls traditional liberals, in opposition to the "children of darkness," the moral cynics, is a stupid, fatuous optimism. There is no doubt that many of the great classical thinkers of liberalism did hold very naive views about human psychology. But I do not think that such views are necessary to their liberalism: above all, I do not think that they are necessary to their belief in liberty of thought and speech. And yet the contrary view has often been urged. For, it is said, it would be against human reason to support complete toleration unless one believed that ultimately truth was likely to triumph over error. And so this must be what liberals believe. And if they believe this, they can believe anything.

But is this view that is attributed to them really so silly? Is it really so "optimistic" to believe that if people are allowed complete access to all opinions and all the evidence for them, they are more likely to accept those which are true than those which are false? If the current set of opinions is incomplete or the available stock of evidence inadequate, then mistakes are under-



standable. But otherwise they are surely the exception rather than the rule. To suppose differently is to take a very whimsical view indeed of the connection between evidence and true conclusion: as though it were a passage one was only likely to effect in consequence of some mysterious skill or luck: whereas in fact it is just the hall mark of a human being that, other things being equal, this is something he brings off quite naturally. I do not think it is true that, as some philosophers have urged, the truth on a particular matter of fact just is that conclusion which people move to when they have considered all the evidence. But I think that there is a sufficiently intimate connection between evidence and conclusion to make this a pardonable exaggeration.

I do not want to deny that there are dark instinctive forces that pull men into beliefs that they would not otherwise accept, or blind them to opinions they would otherwise accept. But surely the power that these forces exercise can be weakened by, perhaps only by, the continuous, uninterrupted, uncensored flow of evidence. It is often argued that the findings of modern psychology have obliterated the picture of man as a thinking, calculating being that is essential to the "optimistic" social thought of Condorcet or Mill. I do not think that this is really true. Indeed in some respects, paradoxical though it may be, modern psychology can be said to have gone over the picture and freshened it. The phenomenon of repression, for instance, in a curious, oblique way testifies to the strength of the rational process in man: for the fear in which the mind stands of uncomfortable evidence is the tribute it pays to the power that this evidence if uncensored would exert over it. And if psycho-analytical theory has at the same time laid bare the

extent to which the mind also consists of non-rational elements, the practice of analysis shows the extent to which these elements can be subdued by reason. Modern psychology, it seems to me, by making clear the true character of the powers of unreason, so far from producing a case against liberty of discussion, demonstrates in an empirical fashion that its existence is not a luxury but a necessity of civilized life.

And now a final point. Confusion is often made between the presuppositions of liberal theory and the prerequisites of liberal society. The presuppositions of liberal theory are the theories about man or nature or society or knowledge that are entailed by liberal theory: that must be true if it is true. The prerequisites of liberal society are the social conditions that are necessary for liberal society: that must exist if it is to exist. The two things, though quite different, are often confused: one reason being doubtless the wide-

spread view that the prerequisite of liberal society is a belief on the part of its members in the presuppositions of liberal theory.

I have argued that there are no presuppositions of liberal theory. And I have argued on grounds of logic. And appropriately. For the question is one of logic. On the other hand, whether there are any prerequisites of liberal society is an empirical question: not to be answered in that brisk *a priori* fashion in which it ordinarily is. To some people, for instance, it seems obvious that liberal society, if it is to work, must be composed of liberal citizens. But I doubt if that is so. Montalembert once summed up the policy of his church *vis-à-vis* the world as "When I am the weaker, I ask you for liberty, because it is your principle; but when I am the stronger, I take it away from you, because it is not my principle." Since Montalembert's day, churches other than his, religious and secular, have embraced the

same policy, but it is absurd to suppose that their members cannot settle down in a liberal society in which they are fortunately outnumbered. They are a permanent risk in any liberal society: but not its undoing.

The question, then, whether there are any prerequisites of liberal society can be answered only by a careful investigation of the liberal experiment. It is often said that nineteenth-century liberals in their folly thought that the precincts of Westminster could be reproduced in every dark corner of the world, and there would be light: whereas now, in the modern age, we know better. It deserves to be remembered, however, that John Stuart Mill, one of the least blinkered or cynical of men, once thought that a good way of ridiculing certain thinkers was to suggest that they advocated the extension of liberal institutions to Bedouins. It is agreeable to realize that in politics also the cautious have no monopoly of the truth.

SPLIT DOWN THE MIDDLE

New Power Shifts in Italy . . by J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Milan

IT SEEMS appropriate to send this article from Milan, especially since this Socialist stronghold has just experienced an event that illustrates the main point of the story: the increasing tendency in Italy in favor of "*dell' apertura a sinistra*"—the opening to the left. In Milan, Professor Virgilio Ferrari, candidate of the Social Democrats—the Saragat party—has been elected mayor with the backing of the Nenni Socialists and the Communists. It was the first appearance in Italy of the "specter of the People's Front."

As soon as the vote was announced, Saragat, who holds the post of Vice Premier in the Segni Cabinet—a coalition of Christian Democrats, Liberals and Social Democrats, supported from outside by the Republicans

—realized that the election of one of his men by the votes of Nenni's left-wing Socialists and the Communists could create a serious crisis in Rome. It might break the centrist coalition and even bring down the government. Consequently he asked Professor Ferrari to resign. The new mayor refused, saying he would do so only if explicitly ordered by the party itself.

On the night of July 17, the Milan city council confirmed Ferrari as mayor by a vote of 64 to 7; this closed the immediate incident but it did nothing to resolve the central issue. The real struggle is between those who favor continuing the formula of the "Democratic Center" (*quadripartismo*) as the basis for the government, and those who now support

an "opening to the left" to include in the governing coalition the forces which were really victorious in the municipal elections on May 27. Saragat himself, though not particularly eager to embrace the Nenni Socialists, realizes the strong pressure in that direction. As a result of the Milan incident he asked Prime Minister Segni to relieve him of his duties as Vice Premier so that he might devote all his energies to a "reorganization of the party."

The May 27 elections, which resulted in the present agitated political situation, were in fact the first national test of Socialist strength since the parliamentary elections of June, 1953. The result was clear cut: victory for the Socialists, of all shades. If Nenni was the big winner, the Social Democrats of Saragat suc-

ceeded in regaining a third of the votes they lost in 1953. Even other, smaller, independent Socialist groups like *Unità Popolare*, inspired by former Premier Parri, and *Unione Socialista Indipendente* produced evidence that, through one wing or another, Italian voters were shifting toward socialism. Nenni's campaign slogan, "It is the hour of the Socialists!" was more than a romantic boast.

In Italy's electorate, now numbering 31 million, women voters are a majority. As in Spain during the Republic, it was on the vote of the women that the Church and the Right in general placed their greatest hopes. This time the Church, knowing that the local elections would have a national impact and influence the next parliamentary elections, did its utmost to help the Christian Democrats defeat the Left. The Vatican paper, *Osservatore Romano*, several dailies representing Catholic Action, and the small but influential parochial press made full use of the charges published by the Twentieth Congress in Moscow to embarrass the Communists and their Left Socialist allies. Their efforts were not notably successful. The Christian Democrats are still the strongest party in Italy; they won around 10 million votes. The Communists, in spite of losses, garnered 6 million. The situation of both is rather static. Only the Socialists, including both parties and the independent groups, showed a real advance. Today they can claim 5½ million votes and most observers agree that if they should accomplish Socialist reunification in the interim they would make far greater gains in the next general elections.

But the outstanding fact at the moment is that the Democratic Center is showing increasing evidence of its incapacity to work as a harmonious government team. I have described the crisis in Milan. The mayoralty election in Rome was another case in point. The Vatican naturally did not want a Socialist at the head of the city council—scarcely a quarter-hour's walk from its sanctuary. A great effort was made to elect the Christian Democrat candidate, Umberto Turpini. He was

victorious but only with the support of the Neo-Fascists and the Monarchists. It was the other side of the medal: in Milan a right-wing Socialist, representing the Democratic Center, won only with the aid of the extreme Left; in Rome the Center had to lean on the extreme Right. As in Milan it was Saragat who told the new mayor of Rome that he should resign. Turpini, unlike Ferrarini, took this advice, but was then reelected by the city council—after repudiating support from the right and thus disarming the parties of the center. In both cities, and in many other localities where city councils could not be formed for weeks after the elections, one fact stood out: the parties of the Democratic Center were quarreling among themselves and *quadripartisme* had begun to crack.

An attempt was made by certain progressive elements of the bourgeoisie and some intellectuals to create a new "radical" party, like the French Radical Party of some decades ago. It had been conceived as a sort of "secular democracy" that could compete with "Christian democracy" in laying the basis for a more effective, daring Democratic Center, one that would not have to depend on the support of either the Vatican or the Marxist parties. Secularism is still a strong issue here, for the Vatican, under the always shrewd leadership of Pacelli, neglects no opportunity to exercise its political influence over the nation. One day it appeals to the prevailing pacifism by advocating the abolition of A- and H-bomb explosions; the next, it appeals to conservatives by denouncing the spiritual dangers of communism. The Vatican has become very modern in its methods of propaganda. The Pope bestows his benediction before the cameras of the Italian Television. Day by day TV is spreading through the convents, colleges and other religious institutions. Of the three hundred apartments in the Vatican, a third are now provided with TV equipment.

But powerful as are the forces the Vatican can marshal in support of the Christian Democrats, it also has its limitations. The government coalition is no longer led by a De Gas-



NENNI

peri. The policy of Fanfani, its present chief, leads almost fatally toward a middle-of-the-road clericalism that disturbs the average Italian who wants no alliance between the church and the Democratic Center. Still, the effort to create a secular left-of-center party failed, leaving the field, at least for the time being, to the existing parties of the left.

The trend of the Italian people is clearly toward social progress. This explains the great popularity of President Gronchi, who has been described as one "who sees far without being a visionary." The enthusiasm with which he was greeted the other day in Parma where he dedicated the "Monument to the Partisans" reached a high point when he hailed the Resistance as a continuation of the era opened by the *Risorgimento*. He is criticized by a few because he takes a more active part in the conduct of affairs than is customary for a chief of state, but he is beloved by the people. Though loyal to his Western friends, as was finally admitted by a mistrustful Washington during his recent visit to the United States, he is too much a realist not to recognize that many things have changed since the signing of the Atlantic Treaty. Revisionist tendencies in Europe, which have been encouraged by Russia's current foreign policy, have in President Gronchi an active supporter, convinced that his duty is not only to play a decorative

role but to help orient the country. He lately lent the prestige of his presence to the Fifth Congress for Peace and Christian Civilization in Florence where he delivered a remarkable address, furnishing an ideological foundation for the policy of coexistence. Standing at his side, the organizer of the congress, Mayor Giorgio La Pira, bad boy of the Christian Democrats, expressed the hope that next year the spiritual leaders of Russia would come to Florence and attend the sessions.

The general atmosphere therefore favors an "opening to the left." The directing committee of the Nenni Socialists, which just ended a meeting lasting several days, concluded that while no considerable advance had yet been made in that direction—despite popular feeling as expressed in the elections—the issue would certainly dominate the political debate of the coming months. This seems to me correct. It is recognized, however, that the Left has some problems of its own to solve. Much is being said these days about a possible divorce of the Nenni Socialists and the Communists. Differences between them resulting from the Moscow Congress and the controversy over Khrushchev's report obviously exist, though they have been overplayed in the world press. By taking

a few lines from an interview with Nenni or Togliatti, by picking up a couple of phrases from an article or editorial, it is easy to point to such a disparity of views that a continuation of the unity-of-action pact between them appears unthinkable. But areas of agreement also exist. Both parties—of course with a noticeable difference in emphasis—believe the Khrushchev report failed to answer certain essential questions; both think the new situation calls for greater autonomy for Communist parties in each country; both favor a regrouping of the left forces in Italy. That the near-Communist *Paese-Sera* finds Nenni's language—"the cataclysm of de-Stalinization"—"unbecoming," or that *Avanti*, organ of the Nenni party, is less satisfied than the Communists with the latest Soviet Party communique answering Italian and French criticisms does not necessarily mean that unity of action will be abandoned.

Another problem, hardly less urgent, is that of Socialist unification. This will not come about tomorrow, but here too the pressure of the masses is beginning to be felt. In Saragat's camp the left wing led by Zagari and Faravelli, favoring union with the Nenni Socialists, is rapidly gaining strength. This could explain Saragat's recent offer to resign from

the Cabinet. But the problem of consolidating the Socialist ranks will also, of course, be affected by the development of relations between Nenni's group and the Communists.

One thing is sure: Italy is becoming one of the most interesting countries of Europe and its politics in the months ahead should be watched with the greatest care. Out of the Italian Socialist movement may come the strength and unity of which international socialism is so much in need.



TOGLIATTI

Suburbia Buys Religion. by STANLEY ROWLAND, Jr.

CHURCH attendance continues to grow, and perhaps nowhere is the church more popular or financially better off than in the fashionable suburbs. One comes early to get a seat in suburban churches; they overflow, and new ones are being built every day. One would think this would make clergymen crow with delight. Some do, but many are shaking their heads gloomily. The sub-

urban church worries the living day-lights out of them.

Why? The answer lies in first examining the suburbs and the religious temper of suburbanites, then seeing the position of the church.

Any examination of the suburbs quickly reveals their diversity. Some are display cases for second- and third-generation millionaires. Others have row on row of assembly-line houses for skilled assembly-line workers of factory or office. But there is a certain common denominator among them. They are places where people can afford to live and to give time and energy to demonstrating this. Suburbs have few of the oppor-

tunities for individuality found in the big city. One moves there, buys the right car, keeps his lawn like his neighbor's, eats crunchy breakfast cereal and votes Republican.

All this is perhaps less true of the older suburbs. At one time, when a family moved out of the city, it indicated that Papa had toiled hard and saved his chips. He may have stepped on some people in his climb up the business ladder, but chances are he had been stepped on as well. When he came to the suburbs he had often learned the rudiments of compassion and knew what it was like to do without. Such are the older generation of suburbanites who

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form the backbone of church and synagogue membership in the older communities. Their influence is conservative. Most who are religious go to church at least partly because they want to learn something about God, not because they want a sophisticated emotional bang or a lesson in the power of positive promotion.

BUT WITH today's mass-produced houses and easy budget terms, younger couples are moving automatically into the "thrilling ranch-type estates." Pleasant, decent, friendly people, insulated in conformity, they wish to be undisturbed in enjoying their gray flannel houses. Homogenized personality is most obvious in fast-growing communities where hundreds are moving into homes for the same economic bracket.

And numerous areas which were quietly suburban for many years have recently become overlain with acres of bright houses for apple-cheeked families complete with their pop-up toasters and blow-out proof tires—and the inevitable shaggy dog. One clergyman recently declared that ours is a shaggy-dog civilization—rambling on and on in meaningless plenty, with the hydrogen bomb as the punch line.

The newer suburbanites are flocking to church and synagogue. In this there is a certain amount of haunted, unacknowledged searching for meaning in life where the better barbecue pits have already been built. Also, as Will Herberg has suggested in *Catholic, Protestant, Jew*, it indicates a drive for cultural and religious identification. Such identification is most obvious and acknowledged among Jews and Roman Catholics. This is so probably because both are relative newcomers to the suburbs, heretofore largely Protestant domains.

Churches and synagogues generally are affected by the suburban mentality, but Protestant leaders are the ones most vocally worried. The main mood of many a suburban church on Sundays is that of a fashionable shopping center. This is cultural identification on a wide, superficial and generally unacknowledged

level. On weekdays one shops for food, on Saturdays one shops for recreation and on Sundays one shops for the Holy Ghost.

But the Ghost had better stay ghostly and the preacher platitudinous, for the homogenized suburbanite likes his religion, unlike his martinis, diluted. He wants sermons to console him, to comfort him and to inspire him to more pleasant living, but never to challenge him with the rude realities of today's revolutionary world. He has paid handsomely for his suburban isolation against these realities, and he doesn't want them to come crashing into his conscience via the pulpit.

When the preacher perchance deals with such problems as segregation or the desperate needs of underdeveloped lands, the suburbanite has the remarkable facility of rolling up the mental counterpart of the automobile window. He weatherproofs himself against any knowledge of the rising storm from the two-thirds of the world's peoples who live as second-class citizens plagued by disease, ignorance and starvation.

ONE example of the newer suburban religious habits is the increasingly popular drive-in services. These are typically conducted in drive-in theatres. One comes as to a movie, sees the service conducted without leaving his car and drives away. A clergyman in the New York suburbs said frankly that he was conducting the drive-in service to make religious worship "more convenient and comfortable." It's one thing to shy away from useless hardship, but it's quite a different matter, church leaders feel, to make religion conform to modern convenience.

Those among the newer suburbanites who frankly want a vital and challenging faith find themselves fighting an uphill battle. In the fashionable church of one Connecticut suburb, members for years had been busily decrying the lack of church work with teen-agers. A young couple moved into the area, heard the complaint and decided to do something. So they organized a young people's fellowship. How nice! How charming! everyone remarked.

But no one offered to help. One week the young couple called upon dozens of parents, trying to find two persons to help chaperone a dance. But the parents, mostly churchgoers, were all "too busy" to spend one evening chaperoning a church dance for their own children. These suburbanites hold responsible jobs and often help mould public opinion. And they're supposed to respond to the clear challenges of Christianity in a revolutionary world. Church leaders wonder.

A religion is best when it exists in tension with society. In this situation it can not only fill its spiritual role but also its role of prophecy, conscience and moral leadership. Under severe persecution in the modern state, religion's leavening effect is stamped out among the mass. When organized religion is completely accepted by the mass as no more than a pleasing and fashionable facet of culture, then it falls prey to the mass-produced platitude.

This is the situation of the suburban church. There have, of course, always been attempts by the mass to dilute religion and accommodate it to conscience in prosperous times. These attempts are overwhelming in the suburbs, where no obvious challenges shout and citizens are insulated against everything except death, each other and the gnawing anxieties typical of a society dedicated to nothing higher than its own comfort.

Like many, they haven't learned the psychological, religious lesson that one may free himself from anxieties and fulfill himself by giving himself—find his life by losing it.



Dedicated to a heaven scrubbed in detergent, adjusted by psychologists, serviced by your friendly Esso dealer and brimming with baby food and pre-digested opinion, the suburbanite turns to the church and demands more of the same. In this society the churches are cultivated like hot-house flowers, flourishing because they are not unpleasant, exuding mink and memoranda on righteousness.

If the churches fought this energetically with the rude, clarion voice of prophecy they would probably

lose greatly in members and financial support, at least in the short run. They would probably gain greatly in vitality and effectiveness on moral issues. But the local churches, though sometimes appalled by the stifling effect of glib acceptance, are mostly not fighting it very hard.

SO THE suburban church is a tame captive of its community. In varying degrees this is also true of many city and rural churches. But it is nowhere so true as in the suburbs, where problems such as slum pov-

erty or race relations rarely obtrude. There are, of course, exceptions. Among the mass of suburbanites there are some, rich and poor, who genuinely strive to live a religious life, who give a great deal of time or money to their church or synagogue and who are willing to stand up and be counted on such thorny issues as integration. But the whole pressure is to make the church conform to popular culture, and this pressure is most often succeeding in the suburbs. The house of the Lord is being reduced to a comfort station.

MIRACLE AT STALINGRAD

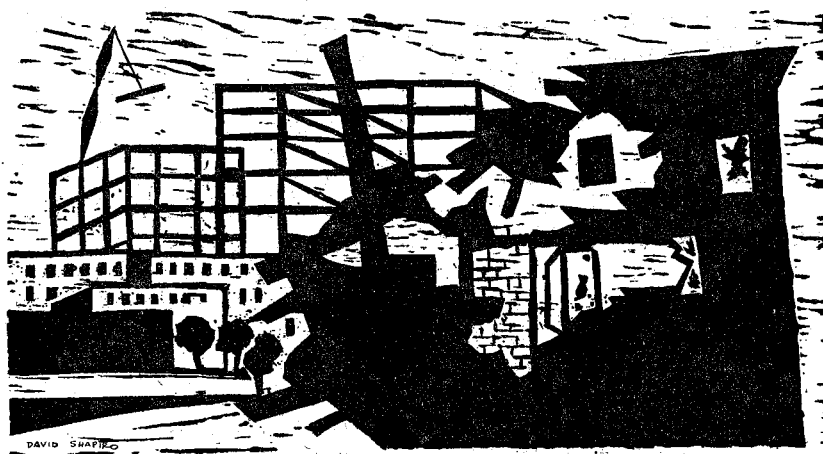
Russia Revisited: II... by FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Second of a series on The New Russia by the noted political scientist.

Stalingrad

"BURY THE dead apart—" wrote Major George D. Brodsky, U.S.A., in the *New Republic* of December 21, 1942. "The granite-backed ones with their heads to the uncrossed river, in unassailable parapets under the good steppe grass. Leave the others, leave their inadequate bones, to the gaunt women to spade, to level with the rubble, to make the site clean and hard and fit to be built on. Let there be no symbols, no markings, no stony words for the wind to eat. Nothing to be forgotten. Let the city be new. Let it be avenue in great spokes arrowed at the world. Let this be a holy place, the prime longitude of courage from which our hope is measured."

In 1956 the Intourist hotel is housed in a rebuilt apartment building whose outer walls are pockmarked by bullets and shell fragments. To the right, from my corner window, is arising the huge bulk of the new Intourist hotel to be completed by year's end. Across the square is the new GOOM department store. In its basement, below the ruins of the original structure, were the HQ of General Friedrich von Paulus. On



February 1, 1943, he surrendered the surviving remnant, once 330,000 strong, of his Sixth Army: 91,000 men, twenty-four generals, 2,500 other officers, 750 planes, 1,550 tanks, 6,700 guns, 61,102 vehicles.

So ended the longest, bloodiest, most destructive and most decisive battle of World War II. On August 23, 1942, eighty Nazi tanks and a column of motorized infantry broke through the Soviet lines and reached the tractor factory, while hundreds of bombers blasted the city. From Stalingrad the *Wehrmacht* planned to fan out along the Volga and take Moscow from the east. At September's end Hitler announced: "We have taken Stalingrad." Most of the

city was indeed in German hands. General Chuikov's 62nd Army, supplied only by boat across the wide unbridged river, clung to a narrow zone of wreckage, in places only a few hundred yards from the shore.

The "front" is now marked by a line of tank turrets. Here the defenders, reinforced by General Rodimtsev's Guards, fought the foe to a standstill, street by street, block by block, room by room, for month after ghastly month—until, on November 19, the new armies of Vatin, Yermenko and Rokossovsky, executing a plan devised by Shaposhnikov, Voronov and Zhukov, sprang the jaws of a huge trap, presently effected a junction at Kalach near

the Don and encircled Paulus' twenty-two divisions. After half a year of ferocious combat, four-fifths of this city of half a million people, was totally destroyed.

THIRTEEN years later this is again a city of half a million people and a place of rare beauty and unique inspiration. The Historical Museum near the new railway station depicts the defense of the town (then Tsaritsyn) against Krasnov's White Army in 1918 and against the Fascist invaders in 1942-43. Near the hotel is the first street to be rebuilt: the "Street of Peace." It is lined by attractive apartments with pleasant garden courtyards. Two banners are strung across the thoroughfare. One reads: "For the Peace of the World!" the other: "Glory to the C.P.S.U.!" At the end is a planetarium, a gift from East Germany. Across its portals a third banner, hailing the B & K mission to England, proclaims: "Long Live the Friendship of the English and the Soviet Peoples!" Stalin Prospect, inland but paralleling the river, is taking shape as the main north-south artery.

Here and there some ruins still stand grimly amid new structures. Kiev, also badly damaged, has been fully rebuilt. The only major ruins in Rostov are the Opera House on Engels Street and the Palace of Soviets. In Stalingrad, where devastation was complete, a few ghosts of buildings will be left unrepaired as memorials—e.g., Sergeant Pavlov's house and the nearby flour mill, heroically defended for many months. For the rest, the scope and magnitude of reconstruction would be unbelievable save for the evidence of one's eyes.

In the center, the water front has been reconverted into a wide boulevard from which broad steps ascend,

flanked by two Greek colonnades with the Greek-temple Musical Comedy Theatre nearby to the north. From the top of the stairs a wide plaza invites the wayfarer westward toward a colorful garden beyond which stretches the great "Square of Fallen Fighters," ultimately to be crowned by a tall Palace of Soviets. A statue of Stalin gazes at the Greek-temple Dramatic Theatre, at the imposing facades of new apartments, hotels and public buildings, and at the many construction cranes on the skyline marking the sites of innumerable new edifices in various stages of completion.

A long ride toward the northern tip of the city passes, on the right, the Red October Steel Works and the famous Tractor Plant—the first in the USSR, begun in 1928, opened in 1930 and now again producing at full capacity with 14,000 workers. On the left is Mamaiev Hill, overlooking the metropolis. Here Chuikov's troops clung to the summit and the eastern slope and repeatedly beat back the furious efforts of the *Wehrmacht* to seize the heights. At the top, now crowned by a tank, a war memorial is to be erected to contain, as at Sevastopol, a panorama of the battle. Far beyond to the north is a giant structure of cables and moving cement cars stretching across the Volga. Work has here been under way since 1950 on the huge dam and hydro-electric station which, when completed in 1958, will have a capacity of 2,000,000,000 kwh of power.

Another lengthy journey to the south, past scattered industrial and residential suburbs, brings us—my driver, myself and my guide, Olga Ivanovna Ivanova, a war widow—to the lonely junction of the great river and the Volga-Don Canal, which, on this day at least, is singularly devoid of traffic or visitors. An immense triumphal arch spans the first lock. Many who worked on the waterway were forced laborers. Near where the waters meet looms the greatest colossus in the Soviet Union: on a tall stone pedestal stands an eighty-foot statue of Stalin, ridiculed by Khrushchev in February as a waste of thirty tons of copper on behalf of the vanity of the late and unlamented

Josef Vissarionovich. Westward across the steppe are two dozen locks, ascending the sloping plain toward the Don. The journey to Rostov by boat requires two days. By air it takes less than two hours.

Despite the miracle of Stalingrad's reconstruction, a majority of its residents still live in far-flung colonies of tiny homes beyond the rebuilt main streets. A few are simple but adequate prefabs. Others are interspersed with small new apartment buildings. Most are cottages or shacks. All are "private houses." Other settlements of such houses, less primitive and more substantial, are to be seen on the outskirts of Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev and, most notably, in the area of the huge *Rostelmash* or Agricultural Machinery Plant in Rostov. Soviet citizens desiring such individual homes may borrow up to 10,000 rubles from the banks for their construction and then hope for the best in the allocation of scarce building materials and labor. These homes involve no rent and almost no taxes (twenty-five rubles a year, commonly) and may be privately bought and sold, bringing 5,000 or 10,000 or 20,000 rubles, depending on size and location. Many in Stalingrad are hovels, hastily thrown together from whatever debris was at hand in 1943-45.

CONTINUED austerity does not preclude great visions. In the House of Architecture enthusiastic young designers proudly display and explain a large bas-relief model, on a scale of 1,000 to 1, of a dream-city. This is the Stalingrad twenty-five-year city plan, slowly being carried out stage by stage. Here in miniature are the parks, dwelling houses, stadia, swimming pools, stores, markets and theatres of the days to come, all strangely Greek in style and arrangement. No ruins, save the few mementoes. No slums. No hovels. And, apparently, no more private homes. Even a partial fulfillment of the plan will make Stalingrad, already exciting in its new garb, one of the loveliest cities of the world. Its people, I have no doubt whatever, are wholly sincere in their hopes for peace.

Coming Soon

C. H. WADDINGTON

Director of the Institute of Animal Genetics at Edinburgh University

writes on

Japanese, English and American Reports of Radioactive Fallout in the Western Pacific

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Shaw's Bout With Christianity

By Warren S. Smith

IT SEEMS incredible that Bernard Shaw was born 100 years ago this July 26th — he seems scarcely to have stopped writing.

Among the many patterns that checker his long writing career none is more remarkable at this distance than the devious relationship which he carried on with the Christian church, sometimes taunting it, sometimes scolding it with outraged morality and sometimes flirting with it. He steadfastly refused to be considered a member of any religious sect, though he was in the habit in later years of saying he was "a Quaker of sorts" — this without encouragement from any known Quaker.

In his youth he occasionally allowed himself to be thought of as an atheist — like Shelley, whom he admired — but as early as 1895 his *Sanity of Art* indicated a mystical turn and in 1896 he wrote an article for the *Savoy*, "On Going to Church," in which he actually recommended the practice as a source of spiritual regeneration for his age. True, he advised against going to *services*, where one's worship would be interrupted by priests and choir boys — but he accepted the location as favorable. Eventually, of course, he became a kind of religious preacher, and by 1932 was referring to himself as "a sort of Unofficial Bishop of Everywhere." In the years between, Shaw spent much of his life under attack from various religious groups. But in retrospect it appears that it was as often his impish style as his actual heresies that annoyed his adversaries.

Nevertheless, Shaw thought some Christian practices vicious and some

Christian tenets silly and said so on various occasions. In a kind of debate or public discussion with the Reverend R. J. Campbell of City Temple in 1912 he is reported to have said:

I loathe the mess of mean superstitions and misunderstood prophecies which is still rammed down the throats of children of this country under the name of Christianity as contemptuously as ever.

But it was the official attitude of the Christian church to World War I that roused Shaw to his most thundering denunciations—of which this is a sample from his *Common Sense about the War*:

When a bishop at the first shot abandons the worship of Christ and rallies his flock around the altar of Mars, he may be acting patriotically, necessarily, manfully, rightly; but that does not justify him in pretending that there has been no change, and that Christ is, in effect, Mars. . . . Let the Church beware how it plays to that gallery. If all the Churches of Europe closed their doors until the drums ceased rolling they would act as a most powerful reminder that though the glory of war is a famous and ancient glory, it is not the final glory of God.

Shaw never was an extreme pacifist, though his defense of conscientious objectors from cruel punishments during World War I led to his being regarded as one of them. Much as he opposed war, he always made it clear that he would have served if he had been called upon to serve.

For good or evil, when once the cause is staked on the sword, Cromwell, Washington, and Lincoln must go through with it as resolutely as Ivan the Terrible, Alexander, or Napoleon. The more they desire the end of the war, the harder they must fight to reach it.

But when men get themselves into



so stupid a situation (he kept saying) they should be honest in confessing they have had to abandon the teachings of Jesus.

Perhaps motivated by the religious arguments of the early war years, Shaw reread the New Testament and formulated his reactions in his *Preface on the Prospects of Christianity*, published with *Androcles and the Lion* (December, 1915). He observed that we do not live in a Christian civilization nor even in a very religious one.

. . . we pass our lives among people who, whatever creeds they may repeat, and in whatever Temples they may avouch their respectability and wear their Sunday clothes, have robust consciences, and hunger and thirst, not for righteousness, but for rich feeding and comfort and social

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position and attractive mates and ease and pleasure and respect and consideration: in short, for love and money.

This is not the world of Christ, he pointed out, but the world of Barabbas.

Now those who, like myself, see the Barabbasque social organization as a failure . . . have always known that Jesus had a real message, and have felt the fascination of his character and doctrine.

Note his summary of Jesus' teachings:

1. The kingdom of heaven is within you.
2. Get rid of property by throwing it into the common stock.
3. Get rid of judges and punishments and revenge.
4. Get rid of your family entanglements.

It took a century and a half of evolutionary preachers to convince us that we and our father are one; that as the kingdom of heaven is within us we need not go about looking for it and crying Lo here! and Lo there!; that God is not a picture of a pompous person in white robes in the family Bible, but a spirit; that it is through this spirit that we evolve toward greater abundance of life; that we are the lamps in which the light of the world burns; that in short, we are gods though we die like men. All that today is sound biology and psychology. . . .

But he had no patience with Paul's doctrines of salvation nor with such early church disputes as

whether salvation was to be attained by surgical operation or by a sprinkling of water: mere rites on which Jesus would not have wasted twenty words.

THIS 1915 pronouncement on Christianity was the one to which Shaw remained faithful for the rest of his life, repeating it in various ways for various audiences. It was a view of Christianity to fit in with his views on creative evolution and the life force. For he could no more accept official science than he could accept official religion. In opposition to what he called the neo-Darwinists he restated and reinterpreted the evolutionary theories of Lamarck to put the Holy Spirit back into human progress. In his own short summary

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from the preface to *Back to Methuselah* (1921):

You are alive; and you want to be more alive. You want an extension of consciousness and power. You want, consequently, additional organs, or additional uses of existing organs: that is additional habits. You get them because you want them badly enough to keep trying for them until they come. Nobody knows how: nobody knows why: all we know is the thing actually takes place.

Now *this*, Shaw does connect with the workings of the Holy Spirit, and with Christ's will to live more abundantly; although he realizes that he will shock—this time—not his religious but his humanist friends.

If I had told that uncle of mine [in the early 1860's] that within thirty years from the date of our conversation I should be exposing myself to suspicions of the greatest superstitions by questioning the sufficiency of Darwin, maintaining the reality of the Holy Ghost, and declaring that the phenomenon of the word becoming Flesh was occurring daily, he would have regarded me as the most extravagant madman our family had ever produced. Yet it was so.

Nor can socialism—or vegetarianism—be left out of either Christianity or evolution:

This sense of kinship of all forms of life is all that is needed to make Evolution not only a conceivable theory, but an inspiring one. . . . Our vanity, and our snobbish conception of Godhead as being, like earthly kingship, a supreme class distinction instead of the rock on which Equality is built, had led us to insist on God offering us special terms by placing us apart from and above all the rest of his creatures.

Thus Shaw, who could not permit himself to be labeled Christian, accepted the label of Protestant, since:

Protestantism was a movement toward the pursuit of a light called an inner light because every man must see it with his own eyes and not take any priest's word for it or any Church's account of it.

To this, on quite another occasion, he added:

Now of Separation [of the Church] there is no end until every human being is a Separate Church, for which there is much to be said.

At the age of seventy-six Shaw was

by no means finished with shocking the conventional Christian world. While his wife, Charlotte, was recovering from injuries in South Africa (Shaw was the driver of the auto), he wrote his legend, *The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God*. It was a good-looking little volume with handsome engravings by John Farleigh, and it hit the English book stores in time for Christmas of 1932.

The innocent format deceived and embarrassed some of the buyers, just as the innocent black girl embarrassed the many "gods" she interviewed in the forest—only to find all of them lacking in one way or another, until at last she settled down to a useful life in Voltaire's garden, married to an Irish Socialist with a red beard. Among those interviewed was "the Conjuror"—obviously Jesus—whose valuable teachings were neither understood nor appreciated, and whom she found kindly and well-intentioned but ineffective. And she balked, when all was said, at his doctrine of love.

Much of the Christian world protested bitterly against this book, and Dame Laurentia, Mother Abbess of Stanbrook Abbey and longtime friend of Shaw, remonstrated by mail—more in sadness than in anger. She received as reply (and we recall here Shaw's claim to Protestantism):

You think you are a better Catholic than I; but my view of the Bible is the view of the Fathers of the Church, and yours is that of a Belfast Protestant to whom the Bible is a fetish and religion entirely irrational. . . . You think you believe that God did not know what he was about when he made me to write the *Black Girl*. For what happened was that when my wife was ill in Africa God came to me and said "There are women plaguing me night and day with their prayers for you. What are you good for anyhow?" So I said I could write a bit but was good for nothing else. God said then "Take your pen and write what I shall put into your silly head"—and that was how it happened.

In 1937—age eighty-one—Shaw delivered a remarkable address over short-wave to this country, pleading for sanity and spiritual values as Europe kept approaching the war.

(A recording of this address is available.) He paused in the broadcast to pay tribute again to the spirit of Jesus—but still retained his right to edit it!

The Sermon on the Mount is a very moving exhortation, and it gives you one first rate tip, which is to do good to those who spitefully use you and persecute you. I, who am a much hated man, have been doing that all my life, and I can assure you there is no better fun; whereas revenge and resentment make life miserable and the avenger hateful.

But such a commandment as “love one another” he found to be a stupid refusal to accept human nature.

If you tell me to be perfect as my Father in Heaven is perfect, I can only say that I wish I could. That will be more polite than telling you to go to the zoo and advise the monkeys to become men, and the cockatoos to become birds of paradise. The lesson that we have to learn is that our dislike for certain persons—or even for the whole human race—does not give us any right to injure or destroy them.

All through the years there were rebuttals. The record does not show that people were too overawed to talk back. There is no need to pretend to be fair in the allotment of space, but the obvious objections to Shavianized Christianity might be cited for the record.

John Stuart Collis made the point that Shaw's contribution was not to religion at all but to religious morality. He felt that Shaw mistook the one for the other.

Herbert Wood complained that Shaw wrote about religion with such levity that he defeated himself; and he was joined by G. K. Chesterton and Dean Inge in the charge that Shaw never really understood, or tried to understand, the idea of atonement; nor did he really try to divine the spiritual message of St. Paul.

St. John Ervine, always a friend and supporter of Shaw, none the less pointed out that in Shaw's gospel there is the possibility that God may not know what he is up to (since God is himself still evolving), and he was disturbed by the possibility that even the faithful may be “scrap-

ped” by the life force when it has accomplished its mission. He concluded that Shaw's views on Christianity were “less for our soul's good than our mind's good.”

If we allow Shaw the last word, it may again not be fair, but it will certainly be typical. Less than eight years ago, at the age of ninety-two, he wrote in the preface to another man's book (*The Miraculous Birth of Language* by Richard Albert Wilson):

When I said many years ago that the Holy Ghost is the sole survivor of the Trinity; and that it is far more scientific to describe Man as the

Temple of the Holy Ghost than as an automaton made of a few chemicals in which some carbon got mixed accidentally, I was accused of advertising myself by uttering paradoxes of the same order as the statement that black is white, which is not a paradox but a lie. Now that I am old and obsolescent, young people who happen to have heard about the paradoxical Shaw from their elders, and are tempted to read him, cannot find anything startling in me. If they have the requisite erudition, they point out that what I have said had been said long ago by St. Augustine and all the great spiritual leaders of mankind before and after him.

Washington, D.C.

In the year of the longest Cadillac,
from picture windows in the heart,
to the rosebud and cherry-tree

rim of the stone-and-iron Wheel of Embassies
there by the Potomac, and in God's name, came
The Regency of Evasion.

Kings of Texas and of Detroit
conveyed the Bald Head smiling on its pillow.
Jet-trails spumed and spelled

His name to Heaven in the upper airs
that howled and twisted it. The writing
squatted and stretched blue.

So the unlettering wind flapped all the rim
but the Head rode prompted and propped
to the stone-domed Hub

where Reporters waited, and the Cameras
had stared through their stanchions for days,
their pictures already inside them.

Oh marvelous how he resembled
the picture the cameras brought up like a cud
from their stored contentment!

Marvelous how the voice taped into the pillow
spoke in time to the motion of the lips
with scarcely a twitch visible!

And if any man swear me to politics
for what I say here, accusing me
of a vote that sneers,

I say to that man: graves and breadbaskets
open and close as those lips open and close;
that Wheel of Embassies

began and ends again in Adam's wages
and Eve's tongue knotted in her mouth to stammer
her language of tears;

but these are tongueless men at the center,
and of their damnations that avoid the name
the fruit slurs rotten out of every tree.

JOHN CIARDI

The Nation

Modest Code

*THE ETHICS OF COMPROMISE
AND THE ART OF CONTAINMENT.* By T. V. Smith. Beacon Press. \$2.50.

By Albert William Levi

IN THIS wise little book T. V. Smith addresses the problems of our social and political living at that interesting intermediate level where it is impossible to distinguish the higher morality from the highest prudence. And the categorical imperative which results can (as in Kant) be given three formulations. The first is: Never presume that your own meanings and values are the only authentic ones in the world. The second is: To safeguard the sacred and the uncompromisable, you must compromise. And the third: When the obtrusion of ideals can only deepen enmity, then you must "contain" them—within the privacy of your individual self.

Those of obdurate and conscientious egoism will call Professor Smith's pluralism indifference, his compromise opportunism and his containment dishonest suppression. But in so doing they will blindly ignore the mellow experience of one

ALBERT WILLIAM LEVI, a member of the philosophy department of the University of Chicago, is completing a book entitled, Philosophy and the Modern World.

Mnemeses

Remember—warned the speaker
with an awful pause
that each might celebrate upon
his summing-up.
Remember—he repeated,
but could not himself,
his platitudes all tumbling
from his mind
and lying scrambled in some hidden
place.
We closed his speech politely
for him
with applause.
Yet when our pattering had died away,
somewhere
in the vastness of that hall
reverberated still
one solemn word—
Remember . . .

MAX TADLOCK

who in his time has been philosopher, congressman and military administrator, and whose philosophy is a paper currency backed up by the gold reserves of an active life.

In an age driven further and further by theologians and politicians alike toward a suicidal rigidity, there is refreshment to be found in a position which asks of us only magnanimity toward diverse meanings, a moderate amount of ideological generosity and the private self-reliance which resists all imperialisms of the public spirit.

The Drifter

ROBERT BENCHLEY. By Nathaniel Benchley. McGraw-Hill. \$3.95.

By Joseph Wood Krutch

A SON'S admiring but often candid portrait-biography of a humorist who had fun but was never happy as the drifter which fate and his own improvident nature made him. More than half the book is devoted to the early years which transformed an impish but serious and almost priggish boy with a conventional middle-class background into a Hollywood clown ruefully earning \$100,000 a year in a profession of which he was often ashamed. Most of the writing which gave him his vogue

came hard and like Heywood Broun he was well aware of a certain incongruity between the "causes" he felt passionately about and the life he was always supposed to live and sometimes actually did live. "It took me fifteen years," he once said, "to discover that I had no talent for writing, but I couldn't give it up because by that time I was too famous." Some years later he did formally renounce writing for Hollywood activities which brought him more trouble with the income-tax bureau than either satisfaction or security. The present book quotes a number of the good things he said; and many of them really are good; it quotes also several that he was supposed to have been responsible for but which actually were simply accretions upon his legend. When the urn supposed to contain his ashes reached his family on Nantucket it was empty. The wife to whom he had for many years been deeply attached began after a few moments to smile: "You know," she said, "I can hear him laughing now." There are a number of informal photographs covering the whole span of his life and the book is said to be based in considerable part on diaries and letters.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is the author of Samuel Johnson, Henry David Thoreau, The Measure of Man and many other books.

LETTER FROM PARIS

Gerald Sykes

ONE OF THE best advertised products of this city has almost no sale. That is the little magazine. (*La Nouvelle Revue Française, Les Temps Modernes, La Revue de Paris, Critique, La Table Ronde, Preuves, Esprit* and many others.) When I asked about circulation someone who should know said 16,000 for one of the best known of them, but someone else who should know more said 10,000 would be nearer the truth. No sworn statements are published, as at home. The magazines, however, have enormous prestige, and it is a point of pride with

a good kiosk to fly their banners, to give them space that elsewhere would belong to the real money-makers.

This is not only because France retains a well-known—and at times dangerous—respect for the mind. (French generals seek a good style almost as much as victories in the field, and De Gaulle's memoirs indicate that he is better as historian than as politician.) It is also because serious problems can be discussed before a finally influential audience with a frankness and skill not possible in the popular press. For

example, extremely perceptive analyses of the complex Algerian problem appear now and then in the little magazines at the same time that most newspapers and statesmen are quite as dull as they are at home. And sooner or later, when popular passions permit or facts demand, these clearer, subtler attempts pass into the common tongue.

The real money-makers show a strong American influence. *France-Soir* (evening paper) owes much to Hearst; *Match* (picture magazine) to Luce; *Elle* (fashions) to Street & Smith. *France-Soir* is better than its American equivalents; the other two are worse. All of them enjoy large circulations and the respect such success generates now even among intellectuals.

AT LEAST for the time being, however, the French little magazines hang on with a tenacity that is typical of the way these people manage to command the good things of life in defiance of all laws of economic gravitation. Every tourist, hearing how poorly the French are paid and seeing with his own eyes how well they (or at least those he sees) live, asks the same question: "How do they do it?" Restaurants are jammed at prices that make account executives wince; streets are full of new cars scratching at one another's fenders; cafes, movie houses, theatres, hotels, shops—all of them do an amazing business and by no means entirely with foreigners.

"How do they do it?" One answer seems to be habit; another the thrift-is-a-bore desperation that naturally followed the slide of the franc; and still another is hope. There seems to be a lot of hidden hope that somehow all the weather flags will prove wrong, and things will go on in the present very comfortable way. And with such determination to make the times adjust to *them* they could be right. A lot of people do have their cake and eat it, and every old city bears witness to generations of pleasure-seekers who have died of old age in beautiful beds, despite the assurances of prophets and revolutionaries that they would end otherwise. This, however, raises interminable problems of morality, litera-

ture and economics. Meanwhile an apt symbol of life in Paris today would be the dinner check that amounts to more than the checks received by the best authors for the best articles in the best magazines.

ANOTHER side of the picture—and one less publicized than the plight of the badly paid, badly housed wage-earners who have never received any Marshall Plan money (and therefore vote Communist)—was revealed to me the other day by a young French cancer specialist doing research in London because so little is spent on it in Paris. Conditions are better for his kind of work in London, he said, although even there neither the outlay nor the results can be compared with what he has seen in the United States. He prefers to live in France, because he is happier there, but if he is to do his work as he would like to do it he must live abroad. More than once he has started a new line of research in Paris, only to have it interrupted by lack of funds, and then has read later in professional journals that American colleagues have been permitted to follow the same line of thought to its conclusion and to publish their results. When his French colleagues seek money for research, he says, they are frequently put off with Cartesian generalities, such as "A scientist's best laboratory is his own mind."

His general conclusions were confirmed to me by an American heart

specialist now doing temporary work in Europe. In practically all branches of medical research, my American friend said, we are much more active and productive than any Europeans, and the reasons are simple—"more money and more man-power."

"HOW DO they do it?" It is *the* question about France today. Anyone who personally knows French wage-earners, anyone who has friends among them and has watched their daily heartbreaking struggle with large historic forces they cannot possibly surmount, will realize how moving this question can be. The anxiety of their situation is so painful, in fact, that no one, not even the most militant, can look at it very long. Essentially the same situation may exist in other countries, perhaps in all countries, including our own—every large lay-off at General Motors is carefully studied here—but the French characteristically have once more managed to dramatize the whole human condition and even to extract a wry enjoyment from it.

I confess I enjoy the gaiety it generates in them at times. I must admit I am not sad when I go to a bistro near my hotel and watch the customers—all of them hard up and many of them students who may soon be entraining for Algeria—as they exhaust the consolations of wit and music. Even today a great deal of security can be drawn from the pleats of an accordion.

RECORDS

B. H. Haggin

AS FAR AS I know there still isn't a measure of Musorgsky's own two versions of *Boris Godunov* to be heard on a phonograph record; but on Vanguard 6022 there are now two sizable excerpts from his original version of *Khovantchina*—the scene of the Scribe and the People in Act 1 and the scene of the Streltzi and Kuzka and finale of Act 3. The writing takes off from that of the St. Basil and Kromy scenes in *Boris*, and overwhelms one by the rich flow and power of the invention, the

assurance and mastery one hears in the operation. What is amazing about *Boris* in addition to the music itself is the fact that the first version was completed by a man of thirty, the second by a man of thirty-two, who had had no formal, professional musical education, and who, it is relevant to note, had had an onset of delirium tremens at twenty-six. But what is perhaps even more amazing about *Khovantchina* is that it was produced in the later years of this man's life—years of steady

The NATION

personal disintegration and dissipation, of increasing sordidness and disorder in his daily existence, in which nevertheless his mind managed to carry on, in some inner refuge, a disciplined creative activity that put together, bit by bit, richly elaborated works like *Pictures at an Exhibition*, the *Sunless* song-cycle, *Songs and Dances of Death* and *Khovantchina*.

The two excerpts from *Khovantchina* on the Vanguard record being the magnificent music they are, it is no surprise that all of the first and part of the second were omitted by Rimsky-Korsakov from his revision because they "were musically weak" (I quote from his preface). The Vanguard record, which offers a few additional excerpts as revised by Rimsky, and the London recording (XLLA-29) of the entire Rimsky version performed by the National Opera of Belgrade, were the occasion for me to discover that Paul Lamm, who gave us the edition of the original Musorgsky texts of *Boris*, produced a similar edition of *Khovantchina*. In his preface Lamm says Musorgsky left the work completed in piano and vocal score with these few inconsequential exceptions: he didn't produce either of the conclusions for Act 2 that he discussed in letters; he left only the vocal parts of the scene of Marfa and Andrei in the last act; and he didn't place a double bar at the end of the final chorus, which may mean that he planned something further. Lamm also informs us that the scene of Marfa and Andrei was harmonized in accordance with Musorgsky's practice elsewhere by B. W. Assafiev, who also orchestrated the portions of the work Musorgsky left unscored.

LISTENING to parts of the Rimsky version with the Lamm edition of the Musorgsky original before me, I heard changes of the same outrageous kinds as in the Rimsky version of *Boris*. First, cuts: Rimsky justifies them by the fact that Musorgsky himself had begun to cut the work, and by the purpose of "making the work suitable for stage performance"; but what was permitted to Musorgsky was not permitted to Rimsky, and the work would have been made suitable for

stage performance by an edition of the complete text that allowed each producer to decide for himself how much to use. Next, and worse, changes in melody, harmony, key and rhythm: Rimsky says he "had occasion here and there to put a little order into the choral parts, and to retouch the solo parts now and then, as they were written somewhat unevenly"; but Musorgsky's writing needed no such putting in order or retouching, and the real reason for Rimsky's tampering with it was simply that he liked it better his way, and having been unable to get Musorgsky to change it when alive he changed it himself after Musorgsky's death. And the changes are vastly more numerous, substantial and damaging than "a little order" and "retouch" imply.

Because Rimsky published his revision it was the version that had to be used in performance for fifty years, after which opera-house routine and inertia combined with lack of understanding and conscience to keep it from being replaced by the Musorgsky original when this was published in 1931. Even on the Vanguard record the Russian conductor Kovalev, who performs the two excerpts from the original with the chorus and orchestra of the USSR Radio and soloists (presumably for a broadcast), returns to the Rimsky version for the performances of Marfa's arias with Zara Dolokhanova. And this version is used in the performances of the Prelude and Shaklovitye's third-act aria conducted by Nebolsin and Samosud respectively. In the aria Pirogov exhibits a bad wobble; but the other singing is excellent; and the recorded sound is mostly good.

What the London recording offers is a performance of a constant falsification of Musorgsky's work, with a superb mezzo-soprano named Bulgarinovich as Marfa, several acceptable male singers, two tremolo-ridden sopranos and moderately good chorus and orchestra conducted effectively by Baranovich. No libretto is supplied.

All this leads me to suggest to the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre that one of its annual music festivals be devoted to Musorgsky

and include a production of his *Khovantchina*.

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UNITED STATES

SAVINGS BONDS

A COMMUNICATION

(Continued from inside front cover)

see either the significance or the shortcomings of this prosperity.

It was of followers such as these that Karl Marx said, in disgust, "Je ne suis pas un Marxiste." The American Communist Party has been a pseudo-Marxist party precisely because (oh, precious phrase!) it was unable to adapt itself to or understand the changing times and the special characteristics of American capitalism in its post-war phase. And basically, too, it has been an anti-intellectual movement in its rigidity and its rejection of every other school of thought. It sneered at Einstein and slaughtered anti-Lysenko geneticists. The party members would have no truck with the individual, the book or the play which did not conform in strictest particular to the current party line. No wonder each shift had to come in the form of an explosion.

They dragged across the American landscape controversies—wholly meaningless to Americans and for America—with Trotsky and with Social Democracy, bringing into American radicalism a personal vindictiveness, a venom, an intemperate name-calling and vilification which helped splinter and shatter every opposing or non-conforming group.

Specifically anti-scientific and anti-intellectual has been their premise of the infallibility of Communist doctrine—both their own and particularly that of Soviet origin—and their espousal of the concept of heresy. The possibly two million or more Americans who have, at one time or another, been influenced by the Communist Party have suffered an almost ineradicable trauma in their alienation from and distrust of the land in which they live. They have paid a high price for a slight and shallow insight into capitalism. And they have been otherwise tainted.

For how does the Communist policy of "using" people differ from the methods of the public-relations practitioners, who never hesitate to manipulate the public mind? Does it not show the same arrogance toward and contempt for the people, and the same cynicism toward our democratic tradition? How can it introduce a new democratic spirit into the party when the party is still based on the closed, secret unit—more exclusive than ever now under the fear of FBI and informer penetration?

Most important of all is this question: In a party which has been consistently unable to use intelligently its own exclusive touchstone of "dialectical

materialism," which has today practically no contacts with the working class, with organized labor, with the intellectual life of the country, how, in such a party, can American radicalism find its voice and its leadership?

But the habits and techniques of organization, of control, of leadership cannot be dissipated easily. Nor is it realistic to overlook the fact that an entrenched bureaucracy in the party has its jobs and prestige at stake. And in this day of loyalty oaths and "security" measures jobs for these people would be hard to find elsewhere. This is one of the human problems American radicals will have to face and solve.

The reason why the present situation is urgent for progressives lies in the new directive for the formation of popular fronts issued by the Twentieth Congress of the CPSU. It follows that the Communist Party in the United States will now attempt to revitalize the voiceless and dormant radicals in the country. The principal object of the party will be the Democratic Party. Since there are many convinced Socialists as well as progressives of other shades in the country who are all non-Communists, this new tactic must become their concern as well.

Our time cries out for Americans of every shade of progressive, liberal and radical opinion to find some common meeting ground. There are many beside the Communists who recognize the dangers in the deterioration of civil liberties. There are many indeed, in addition to the Communists, who want to eradicate from our public life the influence of such as Eastland, Walter, McCarthy, Nixon and Dulles. There are many who see more clearly than do the Communists the corruption of our society, the degeneration of our democracy, the despoliation of our free-thinking and free-swinging traditions.

To do its duty to the American people and to American progressives, the Communist Party of the United States should dissolve. Let its members, as individuals, try to re-educate themselves for a constructive role in a new radical movement. Let them work freely as individuals, not as the disciplined members of any "fraction" or caucus.

The party has outlived its time. Now there must be a new radical movement to provide the energy, the clarity and the leadership to sweep America into the only future which can assure and safeguard a humanistic civilization—a democratic socialism.

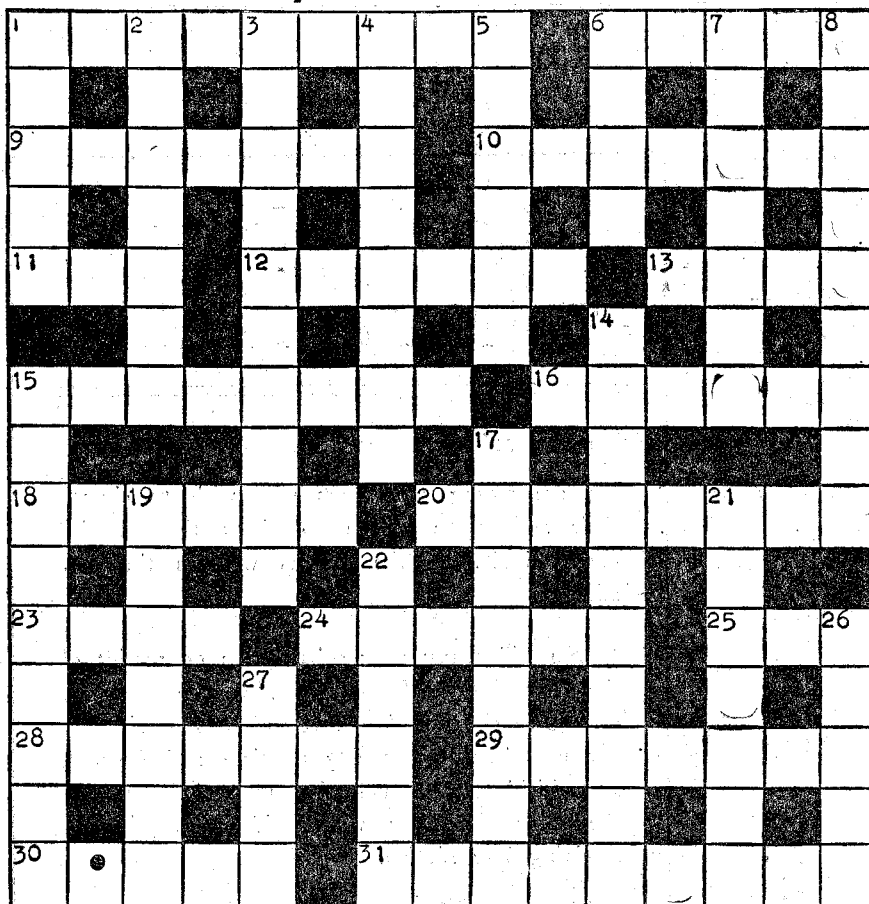
George Benjamin

San Francisco

The NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 682

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 This, if content, should be rich (only the rest could be fatter). (9)
- 6 Saucers might be, especially when 24. (5)
- 9 Suffer in bed, being all washed up. (7)
- 10 Clause, or perhaps a much more insignificant part of the sentence. (7)
- 11 To take an extended position must necessarily be false. (3)
- 12 See 6 down.
- 13 and 15 See 30 across
- 16 A warder, perhaps, might ease the shock. (6)
- 18 Rouse the wandering tribes. (6)
- 20, 25, 24, and 2 down He was an easy-going floater, but most of his actions would be over our heads. (3, 3, 2, 3, 6, 7)
- 23 11 in concealment. (4)
- 24 and 25 See 20 across
- 28 and 1 down Not completed because of lack of understanding? (5, 2, 5)
- 29 These things don't come up more than once. (7)
- 30, 13 and 15 Strauss wasn't writing about "the flower of the Confederacy." (5, 4, 3, 5)
- 31 Despises tea, by the sound of it, and successfully avoids it. (9)

DOWN:

- 1 See 28 across.
- 2 See 20 across.

- 3 The cooling process relating to a certain science. (10)
- 4 Make allies of the free sort, when confused with 6 down. (8)
- 5 Disciplines attendants. (6)
- 6 and 12 across Suggests a high-level social engagement might make a difference in military standing. (4, 2, 4)
- 7 Obtained such things as are made fast enough. (7)
- 8 Shouldn't be kept in some tar, if a pressing need arises. (5, 4)
- 14 Only violent people could weave such a strange mat. (10)
- 15 Brutal to a fault, it figures. (9)
- 17 Had Latin, but still I can't understand the lingo here! (8)
- 19 Has an awkward hand? (7)
- 21 Can bring it up, even though the price is down. (7)
- 22 Tries to mislead (probably showing a bare face). (6)
- 26 Takes off the pressure, and sees a way out of it. (5)
- 27 Perhaps the liberal sort, when 5 down doesn't get in. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 681

ACROSS: 1 MATRONLY; 5 AND 15 DOUBLE INDEMNITY; 10 SIXTEEN; 11 ENDURES; 12 RACED; 13 UNEARTHLY; 14 AND 22 OLIVE GREEN; 16 DEAD BEAT; 19 ODYSSEUS; 24 DAMNATION; 26 EXCEL; 28 ORIFICE; 29 LOAFERS; 30 TRYING; 31 ITALIANS. DOWN: 1 MUSHROOM; 2 TOXIC; 3 OVERDRESS; 4 LANGUID; 6 ORDER; 7 BIRTHRATE; 8 ESSAYS; 9 GENERA; 16 BUGLE CALL; 18 ENCLOSURES; 20 EXILES; 21 SANDLOT; 23 ADROIT; 25 ALIEN; 27 CHEKA.

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